

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Rich Man's World (1%)"

*[Arthur Jensen:]*

"You get up and howl about America and democracy. There is no America. There is no democracy. We no longer  
live in a world of nations and ideologies  
The world is a college of corporations inexorably determined by the immutable bylaws of business  
The world is a business  
And I have chosen you to preach this evangel."

*[Immortal Technique:]*

For all my free-market, healthcare-robbing, stock-stealing, retirement-fund-fucking-with niggas  
Fuck your little credit-card scamming, jewelry-stealing, crack-selling, liquor-store-robbing motherfuckers  
(It's a rich man's world)

Shout to the homies, Carnegie, OG, Willie Randolph Hearst, Farouk, Rockefeller, the real Rockefeller, my main  
bitch Leona  
Pour out a little Louis the Thirteenth, Scott Rothstein, Jack Abramoff, hold ya head, my Rothschild niggas  
Let's get this money

I spend my day repping America overseas  
Pensions for the workers? Nigga please  
Embezzlement etiquette private settlement  
I'm better with confederate rhetoric from my mansion in Connecticut  
Foreclose and evict homes at the tenement  
I twist words like a speech impediment  
I hope you got good credit bitch

If not better get a new job with benefits  
While I play golf with niggas I get cheddar with  
New money buys brand new karats  
My old money bought your great grandparents

You got grills in ya mouth I ain't mad at ya  
I own every gold mine in South Africa  
Thanks baby you made me a billion  
Plus I own a building for each one of my children's children

That's the shit  
Snort coke in the whip miss USA sucking my dick  
Yea what  
Fuck the law 'cause real jail is for suckers  
I go to country club prison you dumb mother fuckers  
(I am the 1% fucking bitch)

You know my CEO corporate steeze please  
Overthrow governments overseas in a breeze  
Politicians in my pockets for a few hundred Gs  
So if I'm ever in court my assets'll never freeze

I got a job and house and a bank account

When I'm out I doubt that's something you could say  
And if not then I fake death like Kenneth Lay  
Make money every day the world burns on its axis  
While y'all struggling to pay taxes  
I'm getting my money the fastest  
Memos and faxes shredded-up documents  
Slush funds through the corrupt continents

But they don't want me indicted  
'Cause they don't want my dirty laundry aired when I fight it  
Don't get my lawyers excited  
'Cause what good is a law if you can't rewrite it

I got CIA traders, dictators  
So fuck y'all whistle blowers and haters  
(It's a rich man's world)  
Shit

I'll invest money from Al Qaeda  
In the bank 911 widows go to later  
Capitalism's who I pray to  
Fuck the state of the world  
Money talks so what the fuck I need to say to ya girl  
(I don't pay em to fuck, I pay em to leave)

You know my CEO corporate steeze greed  
I'll treat countries like the IMF down on your knees  
Real gangsters run the world fuck what you believe  
I'll cut down the forest while y'all niggas burning some trees

I'll get your family murdered for a couple of Gs  
'Cause your working-class money ain't fucking with me  
You think rappers are rich 'cause of songs you heard?  
My labels make the money and haven't rapped a fucking word

Yacht in the ocean coastin' with the sails out  
Hey America thanks for the bailouts  
I made off at the Banco Ambrosiano  
Got away scott free like el Vaticano

Activists act a bitch get mad at me  
'Cause I'm a tax free charity  
80% to the staff and company  
And 20% to the homeless and hungry

The country gotta pay the fed reserve  
Kick back to the banksters haven't you learned  
You protest cops who patrols on the street  
But I bought city hall so I own the police

Email, Facebook and the shit you tweet  
Own the phone companies so I heard you speaking  
My suggestion is no correction no elections, sex with no affection

No invention would benefit the world of man  
Will exist 'til I got the money in my hand  
World bank, interest rate damn rape on the spot  
But I'm a gangster you gon' take my money like it or not, nigga  
(I got your country in my pocket, motherfucker!)

You know my CEO masonic steeze cheese  
Only little people pay all these taxes and fees  
Since you were born we controlled what you watch and you read  
And pretty soon we're gonna own the fucking air that you breathe

I take what I want fucker I don't have to say please  
I'll convince you that it's good for you, take it and leave  
You think presidents are the face of a nation  
I put em all where they are, end of the conversation

Thanks to Luke Lopez, Victor Trujillo, Mathieu, kevin, ProphecyKiller for correcting these lyrics.